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The Farmer Publishing Co.

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27 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

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As the tall stranger stepped from the boat to the pier Von Blitz turned a look of triumph upon Britt, who had elbowed through the crowd a moment before and was standing close by. The newcomer was an American!

. "I've sighted the enemy," exclaimed Bobby Browne, coming up from Neptune's pool-the largest of the fountains. His wife and Lady Deppingham were sitting in the cool retreat

under the hanging garden. "Would you care to have a peek at him?" "I should think so," said his wife, jumping to her feet. "He's been on the island three days, and we haven't had a glimpse of him. Come along,

Lady Deppingham arose reluctantly, stifling a yawn.

They had come to call the new American lawyer "the enemy." No one knew his name or cared to know it, for that matter. Bowles in answer to the telephone inquiries of Saunders said that the new solicitor had taken temporary quarters above the bank was in hourly consultation with Von Blitz, Rasula and others. Much of his time was spent at the mines. Later on, it was commonly reported, he was to take up his residence in Wyckholme's deserted bungalow far up on the mountain side in plain view from the chateau.

Life at the chateau had not been al lowed to drag. The white servants is a spy. That's what the enemy was had become good friends despite the here for today. I've analyzed the sitnatural disdain that the trained English expert feels for the unpolished American domestic.

Miss Pelham, the stenographer from West Twenty-third street, had set her cap for the unsuspecting Mr. Saunders. She had learned in the wisdom of her sex that he was fancy free. Mr. Saunders, fully warned against the Ameriread the most shocking jokes at her expense in the comic papers, was rather shy at the outset, but Britt gallantly came to Miss Pelham's defense and ultimate rescue by emphatically assuring Saunders that she was a perfect lady, guaranteed to cause uneasiness to no man's wife.

"But I have no wife," quickly protested Saunders, turning a dull red. "The devil!" exclaimed Britt, apparently much upset by the revelation, But of this more anon.

. vomen across the drawbridge and to the sunlit edge of the terrace, where two servants awaited them with para

"There he is! See him?" almost whispered Browne, as if the solitary, motionless figure at the foot of the avenue was likely to hear his voice and be frightened away.

The enemy was sitting serenely on one of the broad iron benches just inside the gates to the park, his arms stretched out along the back, his legs extended and crossed. It was quite apparent that he was lazlly surveying the chateau, puffing with consistent ease at the cigarette which drooped from his lips.

"Mr. Britt was right," said Mrs. Browne irrelevantly. She was peering at the stranger through the binoculars. "He is very good looking."

"And you from Boston, too," scoffed Lady Deppingham. Mrs. Browne flush ed and smiled deprecatingly. "Wonder what he's doing here in the

grounds?" puzzled Browne. "It's plain to me that he is resting his audacious bones," said her ladyship, glancing brightly at her co-

Three men were approaching by the path which led down from the far-away stables. Browne recognized the dark skinned men as servants in the chateau-the major domo, the chef and

"Lord Deppingham must have sent them down to pitch him over the wall,"

the master of the stables.

he said, with an excited grin. "Impossible! My husband is hunting for sapphires in the ravine back of"-

She did not complete the sentence. The enemy was greeting the statuesque natives with a friendliness that rapher upset all calculations. It was evident that the meeting was prearranged. There was no attempt at secrecy. The conference, whatever its portent, had the merit of being quite aboveboard. In the end the tall solicitor, lifting his helmet with a gesture so significant that it left no room for speculation, turned and sauntered through the broad gateway and out into the forest road. The three servants returned as they had come, by way of the bridle path along the wall.

"The nerve of him!" exclaimed "That graceful attention was meant for us. I'll have Britt interview those fellows at once. Our kitchen, our stable and our domestic discioline are threatened."

They hastened to the chateau and regaled the resourceful Britt with the disquieting news.

That evening he dragged the reluc ant Saunders into the privacy of the hanging garden and deliberately interrupted the game of bridge which was

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Britt, calmly dropping into a chair near by, "this place is full of spies." "Sples!" cried four voices in unison. Mr. Saunders nodded a plaintive apol-

"Yes, sir, every native servant here municate, he boldly, set off for the



The enemy was sitting screnely on one of the tron benches.

here for today. I've analyzed the situation and I'm right. Ain't I, Mr. Saunders? Of course I am. He came here to tell 'em what to do and how to report our affairs to him. See? Moreover, he's getting the evidence of everybody to prove that Skaggs and Wyckholme were men of sound mind up to the hour of their death. He has the depositions of agents and dealers can typewriter girl as a class, having in Bombay, Aden, Suez and three or four European cities, all along that line. He goes over the day's business at the bank as often as we do as agents for the executors. He knows just how many rubies and sapphires were washed out yesterday and how much they weigh. It's our business, as your agents, to scrape up everything as far back as we can go to prove that the old chaps were mentally off their base when they drew up that agreement and will. Of course if we can prove that insanity has always run through the two families it"-

> "Good Lord!" gasped Browne nervously. -"it would be a great help. If we can show that you and Mrs.-er-Lady Deppingham have queer spells occa-

> sionally, It"-"Not for all the islands in the world," cried Lady Deppingham. "The idea! Queer spells! Please be good enough to leave me out of the insanity dodge, as you Americans call it."

"Is it necessary to make my husband insane in order to establish the fact that his grandfather was not of sound mind?" queried pretty Mrs. Browne, with her calmest Boston inflection.

"It depends on your husband," said Britt coolly. "If he sticks at anything which may help us to break that will he's certainly insane. That's all I've got to say about it."

"Well, I'm hanged if I'll pose as an insane man," roared Browne. "Mr. Saunders hasn't asked me to

be insane, have you. Mr. Saunders?" asked Lady Agnes in her sweetest "I don't apprehend"- began Saun-

ders nervously.

"Saunders," said Britt calculatingly and evenly, "next thing we'll have to begin hunting for insanity in your family. We haven't heard anything from you on this little point, Lord Deppingham."

"I don't know anything about Mr. Saunders' family." said Deppingham stiffly. Britt looked at him for a moment, puzzled and uncertain. Then he gave a short, hopeless laugh and said under his breath:

"Holy smoke! When he finally called the conference adjourned and prepared to depart he calmly turned to the stenog-

"Did you get all this down, Miss Pelham?

"Yes. Mr. Britt." "Good!" Then he went away, leaving the quartet unconsciously de-

pressed by the emphasis he placed

upon that single word. The next day but one it was an nounced that the enemy had moved into the bungalow. From time to time his gray, blue or white clad figure could be seen directing the operations of the natives who were engaged in rehabilitating Wyckholme's "nest." The chateau was now under the

very eye of the enemy. CHAPTER IX. THE AMERICAN BAR. C'RE wanted at the phone

Mr. Britt," said Miss Pel-

ham. It was late in the even-

ing a day or two afterward.

Britt went into the booth. He was

not in there long, but when he came

out he found that Miss Pelham had disappeared. The coincidence was sig-

nificant-Mr. Saunders was also miss-

ing from his seat on the window sill

at the far end of the long corridor.

Britt looked his disgust and muttered

something characteristic. Having no one near with whom he could com-

greeted them.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen," he said. He was a head taller than either, coatless and hatless, a lean but (Continued on Page 9.)

the Carrier Always Bought

hanging garden, where Depplogham had installed the long idle roulette paraphernalia. "Say," he said without ceremony "the enemy's in trouble. Bowles just telephoned. There's a lot of excitement in the town. I don't know what to make of it." "Then why the devil are you breaking in here with it?" growled Depping-"This'll interest you, never fear.

There's been a row between Von Blitz and the lawyer, and the lawyer has unmercifully thrashed Von Blitz. Good Lord, I'd like to have seen it, wouldn't you, Browne? Say, he's all right,

"What was it all about?" demanded Browne.

"It seems that Von Blitz is in the habit of licking his wives," said Britt. "Our friend the enemy met him this evening and told him that no white man could beat his wife, singular or plural, while he was around. Von Blitz is a big, ugly chap, and he naturally resented the interference with his divine might. He told the lawyer to go hang or something equivalent. The lawyer knocked him down. From the way Bowles tells it he must have knocked him down so incessantly in the next five minutes that Von Blitz's attempts to stand up were nothing short of a stutter. Moreover, he wouldn't let Von Blitz stab him worth a cent. Bowles says he's got Von Blitz cowed, and the whole town is walking in circles, it's so dizzy. Well, to make it short, the lawver has got Von Blitz to hating him secretly, and the German has a lot of influence over the people. It may be uncomfortable for our good looking friend." "If he should be in great danger

down there," said her ladyship firmly -perhaps consciously-"we must offer him a safe retreat in the chateau.' The others looked at her in surprise "We can't stand off and see him mur dered, you know," she qualified hastily The next morning a messenger came

up from the town with a letter directed to Messrs. Britt and Saunders. It was from the enemy and requested them to meet him in private conference at 4 that afternoon. "I think it will be for the benefit of all concerned if we can get together," wrote the enemy in conclusion.

The messenger carried back with him a dignified response in which the counselors for Mr. Browne and Lady Deppingham respectfully declined to engage in any conference at this time.

At 2 o'clock that afternoon the entire force of native servants picked up their belongings and marched out of the chateau. The major domo, suave and deferential, gravely informed Mr. Britt that they were leaving at the instigation of their legal adviser, who had but that hour issued his instruc-

"I hope you are not forgetting what I said about the American gunboats. said Britt ponderously.

"Ah," said Baillo, with a cunning smile, "our man is also a great American. He can command the gunboats,



"Our man is a great man-next to Mo-

too, sahib. We have told him that you have the great power. He shows us that he can call upon the English ships as well, for he comes last from London. He can have both, while you have only one. Besides, he says you cannot send a message in the air without the wire unless he give permission. He have a little machine that eatch all the lightning in the air and hold it till he reads the message, Our man is a great man-next to Moham-

Britt passed his hand over his brow, staggered by these statements. "Say, he's smoother than I thought. men would have been fools enough to say that it was all poppycock about me sending wireless messages and calling out navies, but not he! And that machine for tapping the air! Say, we'd better go slow with

that fellow. Shall I call him up on the phone and head off the strike?" "Anything, Mr. Britt, to get back our servants," said Lady Deppingham, who had come up with Mrs. Browne. When Britt reappeared after a brief stay in the telephone booth he was perspiring freely, and his face was

redder, if possible, than ever before. "He was very peremptory at first and very agreeable in the end. I said we'd come down at 4:30. He asked me to bring some cigarettes. Say, he's CLEAN a strenuous chap. He wouldn't haggle

Britt and Saunders found the enemy waiting for them under the awning in front of the bank. He looked a man from the top of his head to the tips of his canvas shoes. Every line of his long body indicated power, vitality, health. Both men were surprised by the eager, sincere manner in which he



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